
S P I R I T
A N D
U N A N I M I T Y, &c.

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STORY

AND

UNLIMITED

Printed by the Government Printer

S P I R I T
A N D
U N A N I M I T Y,
A
P O E M,

INSCRIBED TO
His Grace the Duke of *Rich—d.*

*If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!*

Shak. H. VI.

L O N D O N:

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M. DCC. LXXIX.

S. P. I. R. T.

AND

U. N. A. N. I. M. I. T. Y.

A

P. O. E. M.

INSCRIBED TO

His Grace the Duke of Rich-

mond

L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed for C. D. Rowland, at the
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M. D. C. LXXIX.



To his Grace the Duke of *Rich—d.*

MY LORD,

THE ordinary language of Dedications contains little more than the flattering incense of poverty offered to the shrine of greatness. When I look up to your Grace's character, and see in it all the appearance of rough sincerity, I should pay but an ill compliment both to your feelings and understanding, was I to attempt gaining your approbation by such a mode of address.

The present situation of affairs appearing to wear rather an unfavourable aspect, I was induced to adopt *some* of your Grace's sentiments, and to convey them, among others not *openly* professed by you in this shape, to the public; and as your Grace has long acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of politics, I concluded they might, with some degree of propriety, be addressed to yourself.

vi. D E D I C A T I O N.

The minutiae of government, or the conduct of opposition, are matters of too delicate a nature for me to treat of, they would at any rate be highly improper here. I would only beg leave to insist, and I believe your Grace, and every discerning man will concur with me in it, that the present extent of our empire, the powerful foes we have to encounter, and the prodigious burthen we have to support, require the warmest assistance, and the utmost exertion of the whole body of the people.

If this is allowed (and reason and experience must allow it) it follows that the fatal divisions too often seen in our councils and senates, aided by the factious designs of interested men, combine to weaken the powers of government, destroy the effects of that exertion, and expose us to the insults of a powerful inveterate enemy.

Splendid as your Grace's talents may seem, they would still receive an additional lustre, if directed to this point; by rousing
ing

DEDICATION. vii.

ing the nation to a sense of honour, endeavouring to conciliate the minds of the people, and manifesting to them the true interests of their country.

With this view the following little Poem was wrote; and tho' I am not sanguine enough to suppose that such an event will be produced by it, yet I shall have the satisfaction in finding, that the motive which led to the choice of such a subject will ever be commended by the sensible and impartial, and will likewise in some measure compensate for the incorrect and inelegant manner of treating it.

To the frequent objection, that persons in private situations of life ought not to intrude themselves on public affairs, I can only answer;—that where the intention is to create differences, and inflame the minds of the people, no situation whatever can warrant it; but where an innocent ambition is the incentive, and the happiness of mankind the object, I do not see the smallest impropriety in any ones attempting to promote it.

That

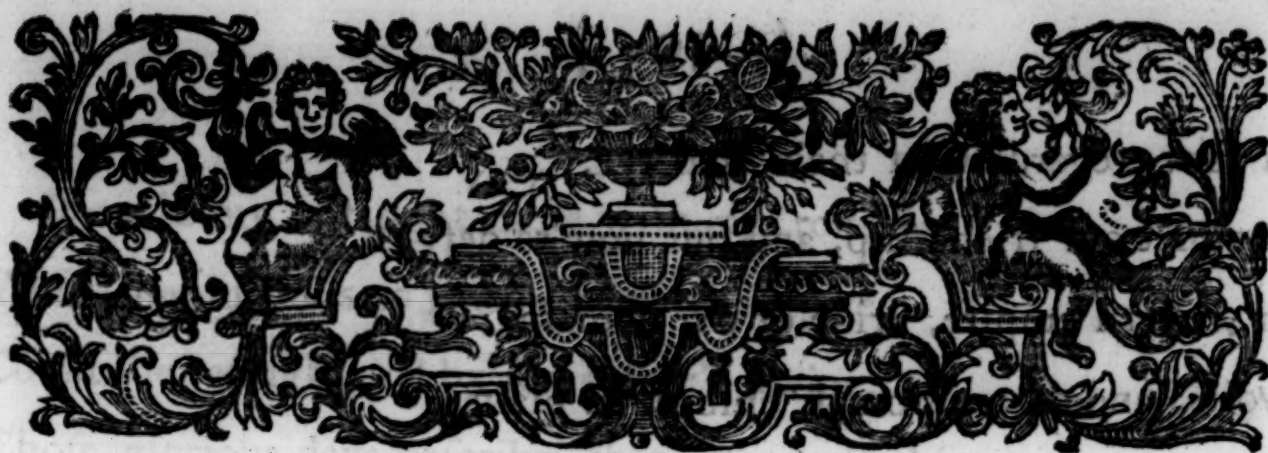
That this opinion may meet your Grace's ideas, and that under your auspices some abler hand will more successfully resume the subject, is the sincerest wish of,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's most obedient and

most devoted humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



S P I R I T
A N D
U N A N I M I T Y, &c.



ROUSE, Britons! from inglorious prospects rouse!
Your country's, freedom's, honour's cause espouse;
Yon marshall'd ranks, yon proud arch'd sails afar,
Bespeak the horrors of impending war;
With clam'rous arms half Europe's plains resound,
While distant regions echo to the sound;
Loud thunder shakes the main from shore to shore,
And earth seems blushing with empurpled gore;

Our sons, regardless of their filial tye,
 Renounce our friendship, and our pow'rs defy;
 Our western empire, pride of our domain,
 Revolts, and dares us on th' embattled plain;
 No cautious fears their firm resolves betray,
 But black rebellion stalks in open day;
 With all that mean insinuating guile,
 So odious, yet so fatal to this isle,
 Perfidious France th' unhappy strife surveys,
 And falsehood's banner in our teeth displays;
 With treach'rous baseness joins the rebel foe,
 And calmly meditates some vengeful blow.
 Britain, the fam'd, the glorious, and the great,
 Virtue's resort, and freedom's fav'rite seat,
 At whose high nod obsequious nations bow'd,
 To court whose smiles the proudest yet were proud,
 Must in her turn indignant fortune know,
 Enslav'd by those who dare insult her now,
 If vigor's arm and liberty's bright ray
 Shrink from her side, when danger bids them stay.

O could

O could my untaught muse with rapt'rous fire
 Your languid souls to patriot warmth inspire,
 Could she, enlighten'd by some pow'r divine,
 Those glorious days describe, that once were thine;
 When equal to her strength her spirit rose,
 And Britain scorn'd to truckle to her foes;
 When firmly knit to freedom's sacred call,
 Insulted honour was reveng'd by all;
 Then would I sing victorious EDWARD's reign,
 And blooming chiefs on Creffy's bleeding plain;
 Immortal HARRY's warlike deeds proclaim,
 When Agincourt bore witness to his fame;
 How, when proud France deny'd great Albion's right,
 And rashly dar'd her to th' unequal fight,
 Her sons like lightning to her standard flew,
 Bravely resolv'd to perish or subdue;
 Thro' fields of slaughter, by their prince led on,
 Till, with the gallic wreath, they won the crown.

Of

Of great ELIZA too with pride I'd boast,
 Her valiant captains, and her conquering host,
 When haughty PHILIP, with his num'rous band,
 Threat'ned grim death and slav'ry to the land;
 In martial guise was ev'ry Briton seen,
 Quick to revenge their country and their Queen.
 That matchless Queen, who full in danger's fight,
 Rode foremost on, and cheer'd them to the fight;
 Immortal RALEIGH then, and dauntless DRAKE,
 With British thunder made old ocean shake;
 Dispers'd the dire Armada, boast of Spain,
 And sunk her hopes for ever on the main.

Of ANNA's reign the grateful song I'd raise,
 And speak with rapture of her MARLB'RO's praise;
 Of MARLB'RO's deeds let Blenheim's structure tell,
 Rear'd for the hero who deserv'd so well;
 France saw his conquests, and with grief beheld
 Her boasted troops the palm of vict'ry yield;

Not

Not vet'ran LOUIS, or his fam'd *Gens d' armes*,
 Could check the force of his victorious arm.
 With equal joy I'd dedicate the strain,
 To GEORGE, our Sov'reign's Sire's auspicious reign;
 Rehearse the climes that own'd his gentler sway,
 And crown'd with fame the evening of his day.
 How fortune smil'd, while CHATHAM's genius soar'd,
 How GRANBY by his country was ador'd,
 How TOWNSEND fought, where WOLFE victorious dy'd,
 And HAWKE the ocean rul'd with lordly pride;
 While harrafs'd Gaul her drooping pow'r survey'd,
 Her people murm'ring, and her trade decay'd,
 To Spain confess'd her cares—her aid requir'd,
 Yet join'd with Spain, before our arms retir'd.

Nor from the hero of the day is fled,
 That noble flame which then to conquest led;
 Methinks I see in martial pomp attir'd,
 A gen'rous race with patriot glory fir'd,

D

With

With spirits brave as those their fires possess,
 And equal ardour glowing in each breast;
 Nor brib'd by int'rest, nor by pleasure woo'd,
 Determin'd only on their country's good.

To pour down vengeance on the prostrate foe,
 With pride let Britain boast her gallant Howe;
 To hurl loud thunder on perfidious France,
 Undaunted KEPPEL shall again advance;
 Secure from envy's most envenom'd dart,
 In a clear head, and in an honest heart.
 CLINTON amongst the warriour chiefs shall come,
 To punish pride, and strike rebellion dumb;
 While youthful PERCY, fir'd with mutual flame,
 Shall add new wreaths to his illustrious name:
 Unconscious their great souls of guilt or fear,
 Prudent as brave, and virtuous as sincere;
 Firm friends to freedom, firm to Britain's side,
 In arms experienc'd, as in danger try'd.

And

And more such worthies could the muse recite,
Who dare like these provoke the arduous fight.

But what, alas! avails the glitt'ring train?
The gallant troops all marshall'd on the plain?
The portly fails? the fleets extended far?
With all the bright appendages of war?
If power's strong tide, that should *augment* their force,
Flow not aright, or sicken at the source,
If in effeminacy's stream it roll,
To cloud the mind, and all unman the foul;
If discord, hate, and faction undermine,
Blast each fond hope, and frustrate each design;
Or if pale envy, from her scorpion bed,
Snatch the wreath'd laurel from the victor's head.

Dead to the finer feelings of the heart,
Britons, arise, and take your country's part;
Tho' glory's path reluctant ye pursue,
Awake, when danger stares you full in view.

Ye numerous throng, who join in folly's train,
 Or idly weak, or dissolutely vain,
 Ye jocund sons of plenty's smiling board,
 Where pamper'd wealth luxuriously is stor'd;
 The sparkling bowl to greet the welcome guest,
 (To danger oft by wanton folly prest)
 The dear-bought produce of each distant pole,
 The spicy balms, that either Indies roll;
 Birds, beasts, and fish of various name and size,
 And pyramids of sweets, that reach the skies,
 Sauces, which taste from ev'ry climate drew,
 And half the brute creation in a stew.

Ye who on sleep's soft couch extended lay,
 And pass in lifeless lassitude the day;
 O'er beauty's haunts with eager passion rove,
 And plunge amid the sweets of lawless love;
 In noisome brothels seek distemper'd joy,
 And nature's frame in riot's scenes destroy;

Or

Or worse than that, with sacrilegious hand,
 Unloose the knot of wedlock's sacred band;
 Seduce the fair, who virtue once possess,
 And strike a dagger to a good man's breast.

Canst thou in these a solid pleasure know,
 When they're extorted from another's woe?

And say, thou bold professor of its art,
 What are the joys seduction can impart?
 When to thy raptur'd eye, with virgin fears,
 Some blooming maid, in beaut'ous form appears,
 Sweet as the air, that fragrant zephyrs blow,
 Yet chaste and pure as bright descending snow:
 A thousand passions in thy breast arise,
 A thousand schemes to gain the lovely prize;
 Till with false vows and fawning flatt'ry won,
 Th' unhappy fair believes, and is undone.

E

But

But when she sees that to a villain's arms,
 Too fondly she's resign'd her virgin charms,
 Reflection takes within her bosom place,
 And shame and guilt rise blushing in her face;
 That fame unfully'd which was once her boast
 Is now in slander's foul-mouth'd tempest tost;
 Her aged parents, with distraction wild,
 Wring their sad hands, and mourn their yet-lov'd child;
 Her friends (those friends who join'd in pleasure's train)
 Approach her now with insolent disdain;
 The world, that once survey'd her as its pride,
 Surveys her now to censure and deride;
 Hope cannot give, nor reason bring her rest,
 But grief with double force invades her breast;
 Tir'd of existence, with the murd'rous knife,
 Perhaps, she rashly cuts the thread of life.
 Say, man! canst thou the beaut'ous victim see,
 And yet regret not that it fell by thee?

Doth

Doth not the smile upon thy cheek impart,

That all the villain lurks within thy heart?

Ye slaves of fortune! bubbles of an hour!

Who (lur'd by play's all fascinating pow'r)

With anxious cares, consume the midnight oil,

In calculation's dull, unvaried toil;

With studious mind, and deep attentive eye,

Watching the fall of one important dye;

While disappointed hope, or boding fear,

Dwell on the face, and paint it with despair.

Oft have we seen o'er-rul'd by wayward fate

Some brighter genius—guardian of the state,

High in his country's love and friendship plac'd,

With wisdom blest'd, and elocution grac'd,

To gambling knaves become the easy prey,

And rise a beggar, ere he'd rise from play;

Then,—sad alternative! to want survive,

Or take corruption's venal bribe, and live.

Of

Oft too we've seen (where circling beauties fill
 The gentler board of more polite quadrille)
 Some hapless fair submit to fortune's pow'r,
 And thousands lose in one unfriendly hour;
 Which to repay, the winner dares to claim
 A wife's dishonour, and a husband's shame.

From scenes like these, ye thoughtless mortals turn,
 And let your souls for brighter glories burn;
 Go, bid ambition soar a nobler height,
 Where honour guards, and fame impels its flight;
 Your hardier race of ancestors behold,
 Vig'rous at home, as in the combat bold;
 Their virtues, which you dare not copy—own;
 And know, *we live not for ourselves alone.*
 Involv'd in pleasure's filken soft'ning bands,
 Ye soon forget what freedom's cause demands;
 That animating glow, which warm'd your fires,
 Within the torpid bosom soon expires;

While

While fortune's sun with partial fondness smiles,
 Her easier beam remoter care beguiles;
 But when the fickle dame withdraws her ray,
 And leaves you clouded in the midst of day;
 In vain of past misconduct you repent,
 Now impotence denies the fair intent.

Curst be the man to hatred and disgrace,
 Who builds a name on faction's empty base;
 With artful words, and high imperious tone,
 Assuming virtues which were ne'er his own;
 Busy in council, in the senate loud,
 Conceited, vain, dogmatical and proud;
 Self-love alone, the motive of his views,
 Condemning vices, which he still pursues;
 Fixt to no standard, guided by no rule,
 Opinion's slave, and mean ambition's tool;
 To affectation, as to envy prone,
 And foe to ev'ry measure but his own:

F

Could

Could some bright angel from the heav'ns descend,
 (In human form) and stand forth *Britain's* friend,
 With thought divine, some heav'nly scheme devise,
 Great in its aim, in its formation wise :
 Tho' nought but that, the sinking state could save;
 Tho' but for that, e'en he had been a slave;
 Tho' 'twas the best, invention could propose,
 At once to raise our friends and blast our foes;
 Tho' it would fame, and wealth, and honours bring,
 Yet faction's voice would negative the thing.
 Wouldst thou, my country, yet be fam'd and great,
 Fair smiling prospects still around thee wait;
 Far from thy courts let noisy faction go,
 To happiness and thee, a deadly foe.

Nor less that odious thing would I despise,
 Which but for courtly sunshine droops and dies.
 To freedom and her sacred cause a curse,
 Condemning faction, yet than faction worse;
 An easy, pliant implement of state,
 Deserving scorn, yet scarce provoking hate;

No

No self-opinion in his mind we trace,
 Nor e'er chang'd fides, but when he chang'd his place,
 The question, still his pert unweary'd bawl,
 Mere echo of the ministerial call.

Creatures like these (tho' titles may adorn)
 With faction's herd, are equally my scorn.
 'Twas not by these, *Britannia's* genius rose
 Great and victorious o'er her former foes;
 When freedom's flame was for a time repress'd,
 And lux'ry's charms had footh'd her into rest;
 To dang'rous heights their influence was grown,
 And even virtue totter'd on the throne;
 Till by approaching tyranny alarm'd,
 Each bosom with indignant passion warm'd;
 Fair liberty, bright native of this isle,
 (Th' inherent growth and blessing of its soil)
 Arose, and reassum'd her wonted sway,
 And drove despotic slav'ry far away.

Something

Something like faction, tho' with gentler name,
 And smoother tongue, comes party to inflame;
 Oft like the friend of virtue it appears,
 And oft the face of independance wears;
 Yet o'er calm reason, prejudice prevails,
 And truth is often weigh'd in partial scales.

O child of party, wherefoe'er thou grow',
 Whether in courts thou liv'st the friend or foe,
 Say, whence this forward zeal thou can'st not hide?
 Doth it proceed from folly or from pride?
 Is it in spite of reason and her laws,
 To purchase champions in a doubtful cause?
 Wouldst thou superior policy affect,
 And hurt that government thou shouldst protect?
 Misled by bold ambition's soaring flame,
 Dost thou pursue the dang'rous paths of fame?
 By cooler sense endeavour to controul
 This shad'wy *Ignis Fatuus* of the soul;

'Tis

'Tis but a vapour of a feeble ray,
 Which droops and languors at th' approach of day ;
 Art thou still anxious for thy country's weal ?
 And glows thy breast with unaffected zeal ?
 Party will still pervert its best design,
 Abate its ardour, and to vice incline ;
 With heated jealousies the heart mislead,
 And cloud with darksome ignorance the head ;
 Wrapt in self-dignity and conscious pride,
 Opposing argument's in vain apply'd ;
 To candid truth and reason's voice unknown,
 Party revolts at what is not its own.

O could I here in purest strains rehearse
 Names, which might honour e'en *Mæonian* verse ;
 Names, which to genius and to Britain dear,
 May yet in virtue's brighter list appear ;
 But led by pride or by caprice astray,
 Have heedless roam'd in party's thorny way.

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Deck'd with the choicest talents heav'n's dispense,
 Wit join'd with taste, and elegance with sense;
 Cool and correct, where reason should unfold,
 Yet in warm fancy's flights sublimely bold;
 With ev'ry pow'r of soft persuasion blest,
 BU—KE stands his country's ornament confess'd.
 O could I, BU—KE, by rapid genius taught,
 Mount on thy wing, and catch thy reach of thought,
 Astonish'd senates with attention fix,
 While soft delight with fine instruction mix;
 Now the wide field of science ranging round,
 On states and statesmen equally profound;
 Now sweetly varying with descriptive art,
 Awak'ning ev'ry passion of the heart;
 With satire's shaft, pert fools and follies hit,
 Or charm, with all the elegance of wit:
 Far then from party's noisy haunts I'd fly,
 And pass the venal throng unheeded by;

Bold

Bold and uninfluenc'd my honest voice,
 Calm reason only should direct its choice;
 Tho' greatness threat'ned, or tho' pow'r withstood,
 Undaunted I'd pursue my country's good.

Arm'd with keen sense, and studiously inform'd,
 Bold in debate, and with his subject warm'd;
 To shrink from censure, RICH—D's soul disdains,
 While unprov'd, one courtly knave remains.

With poignant satire, and sarcastic wit,
 F—X aims *his* darts, regardless *where* they hit;
 Consummate skill his eloquence displays,
 And even N—TH allows him distant praise.

BA—RE in pointed, tho' in hum'rous strains,
 Of armies, arms, and estimates complains;
 While LUT—L, gravely rising from his seat,
 In spite of SAND—H, still attacks the fleet.

But

But say, while state disorders these would purge,
 Doth honest satire, or doth malice urge?
 With equal fury doth invective fall?
 Or are there knaves it doth not reach at all?

O were these cares as anxiously bestow'd,
 To lead us in the true unerring road,
 As to persuade the soon deluded throng,
 That courts and ministers are ever wrong;
 Soft smiling peace with plenty would combine,
 And youthful zeal to greybeard wisdom join;
 The state with many a placeman might dispense,
 And lighten millions of the years expence;
 Our armies would no more inactive lie;
 Our ling'ring fleets the threat'ning fight deny;
 But each new work a master's hand confess,
 And each new scheme be follow'd with success.

With

With air majestic, and commanding tone,
 See SHEL—NE sits on opposition's throne;
 Bless'd with strong mem'ry and capacious mind,
 Learning profound, to observation join'd;
 Enrich'd with all that nature can afford,
 And deeply vers'd in science (tho' a lord)
 Wouldst thou, great statesman, of these gifts posselt,
 Thyself of prejudice and pique divest,
 The spur of passion, and of int'rest scorn,
 How would thy name a senator's adorn!
Britain her rights would call thee to defend,
 And princes court thee to become their friend,
 Pleas'd with the man whom *they* could safely trust,
 Applause would then be gen'ral as 'twas just;
 Applause, supported not by venal art,
 But from esteem deep rooted in the heart;
 Nor should those honours be deny'd thy shade,
 Which to thy late admir'd great peer were paid.

H

Here

Here could the pensive muse indulge a tear,
 O'er the sad mem'ry of her CHATHAM's bier!
 Departed virtue, freedom, truth deplore,
 And mourn their once-lov'd owner—now no more!
 But bright'ning gleams of grateful joy deny
 The half-form'd tear, and stop the rising sigh;
 To crown his virtues, and his fame record,
 Hath not his country giv'n the just reward?
 Not fun'ral rites and solemn pomps alone,
 Not the bare praise of monumental stone,
 But love sincere, which time can ne'er efface,
 And princely douceurs to his noble race.

Rest, sacred shade! to brighter mansions flown!
 Yet say, with thee, are all thy virtues gone?
 That soaring mind which taught the world command,
 That flame which beam'd refulgent o'er the land?
 Thy boasted honours, *Britain*, once so bright,
 Are they now sunk eternally to night?

Shall

Shall wealth and pow'r with thee protection meet,
 While modest worth lies prostrate at their feet?
 Shall humble merit for its country toil,
 While lazy folly fattens on the spoil?
 Lives there a wretch so tarnish'd with disgrace,
 Who dares to barter conscience for a place?
 Betray his country, and his friends beguile,
 For the soft incense of a courtier's smile?
 Break down the barrier of our sacred laws,
 And fight their battles whatsoe'er the cause?
 Are there, who dead to all remorse and shame,
 With open front, foment rebellion's flame?
 Provoke to hostile deeds those kindred pow'rs,
 Which, from their earliest infancy, were ours?
 Bid them renounce our league, our commerce fly,
 And meanly cringe to *France* for an ally?
 Can they, without indignant eye, observe
 Perfidious *Gaul* from solemn treaties swerve?
 Her ties dissolve, her oaths and sacred vows,
 And treach'rously rebellion's cause espouse?

Are

Are there, who see by enemies oppress'd,
 Our rights invaded, and our pow'rs distress'd,
 Devoted Albion bleed at ev'ry vein,
 Yet, callous to her wounds, unmov'd remain?
 And, 'stead of pouring in the balm of peace,
 Employ new ways her tortures to encrease?

Forbid it, Heav'n! forbid it, all ye pow'rs,
 That guarded *Britain* in her happier hours!
 Ye who our well-form'd government direct,
 Ye in the senate who our rights protect,
 Forbid it, you!—for you possess the charm,
 To scourge proud vice, and faction's rage disarm.
 Indulgent nature, when she form'd this land,
 Bequeath'd it blessings with a bount'ous hand;
 Temper'd its clime, and fertiliz'd its soil;
 Smil'd on its sons, and call'd it freedom's isle;
 Implanted in their breasts the gen'rous seeds
 Of brav'ry, virtue, love of noble deeds;

Taught

Taught them to combat danger, laugh at fear,
 Yet sympathiz'd their souls to mis'ry's tear;
 Combin'd with art to modulate the state,
 And gave to ev'ry part its proper weight;
 Fram'd all its laws on Freedom's bold design,
 And made them breathe a spirit half divine.
 Assist their labours then!—nor dare oppose,
 What bount'ous Heav'ns so piously dispose
 Think not with some the ruin of a state
 Is fix'd alone by the decree of fate;
 To man alone, degen'rate man, we owe
 The real cause of many an empire's woe;
 As luxury and pride debauch'd the mind,
 So vice prevail'd, and liberty declin'd.
 Thus Greece of old relinquish'd all her fame,
 And slave to conqu'ring Macedon became;
 Thus Rome th' imperial mistress of the world,
 From glory's topmost precipice was hurl'd;
 By soft effeminacy first depriv'd,
 By faction weak'ned, and at length enslav'd.

Britons attend! nor wantonly pursue,
 The maze which 'wilder'd them, and threatens you;
 The debt ye owe your country must be paid,
 And now methinks she most requires your aid;
 Revengeful war in horrid form is come,
 Bold foes abroad, and treach'rous friends at home;
 A rebel empire from our pow'r withdraws,
 Denies our sov'reignty, abjures our laws,
 With pow'rful potentates and kingdoms joins,
 And 'gainst our lives and liberties combines.
 To serve your country, and her friendship claim,
 Let reconciliation be the first great aim;
 While harmony and wisdom form the plan,
 Vigour will end what judgment well began;
 Rancour will cease, suspicion will subside,
 And doubt will be by confidence supply'd;
 The hero then his valour may display,
 And find a welcome from the toils of day;

The:

The patriot youth his eloquence may raise,
 Nor fear from full-grown pride half-damning praise;
 Insulting office will no longer reign,
 Nor merit suffer from the proud and vain;
 But firmly knit and link'd in one great band,
 Concord and victory go hand in hand.

Propitious Heav'ns, indulge my fervent pray'r!
 And still let virtue find protection here!
 Still let me hope, nor be that hope in vain,
 That firm to *Britain's* cause some friends remain;
 Tho' shameless vice a dang'rous aspect wears,
 And in variety of forms appears;
 Oft in the gilded mask of pleasure's seen,
 T' entice the unsuspecting traveller in;
 Tho' dissipated folly marks the age,
 And law is found too feeble for its rage;
 Tho' faction dins the senate with its bawl,
 While gentle reason scarce is heard at all;

Tho'

Tho' honour is by fashion's fools misplac'd,
 And decency is sacrific'd to taste;
 Fair open truth, and virtue's sacred name,
 To mean self-int'rest, and fond love of fame,
 Conscience itself, and its impelling laws;
 To the rude tumult of misjudg'd applause;
 Tho' to destroy at once and curse the land,
 Corruption has stretch'd forth her venal hand;
 To court the smile of supercilious pride,
 Merit neglect, and humble worth deride;
 Tho' pliant sycophants resolve with ease,
 And mould their tempers as their int'rests please,
 Still let them be confin'd! — there's yet, I trust,
 A remnant left incorruptibly just;
 A virtuous few, that sacred shall remain,
 From folly's snares, or foul corruption's stain;
 The threats of courtly arrogance defy,
 And look on faction with disdainful eye;
 Unaw'd by pow'r, or slavish custom's rules,
 The wiles of cunning, or the laugh of fools;

Shall

Shall soften party, noisy discord hush,
And put proud vice and folly to the blush.

Let not the muse with flatt'ry's empty sound
The tuneful ears of modest virtue wound;
The colour of the times but ill accords
With simp'ring language and delusive words;
Yet be it said, that freedom's sacred fire
Shall never but with SAV—LLE's life expire;
Corruption's baneful hand shall ne'er be fear'd,
While THURL—w's voice is in the senate heard;
Nor tyrant pow'r encroach upon the laws,
While able DUN—G lives to plead their cause.

Where independence reigns with honest pride;
And truth and firm integrity preside;
There CAMB—N lives, from bustling courts retir'd,
By wisdom led, and patriot glory fir'd.
Where bounty keeps her hospitable court,
And worth and indigence alike resort;

K

Where

Where nobleness assumes a graceful mien,
 Lo! virtue and NORTHUMB———D are seen.
 In courts tho' bred, yet piously sincere;
 To freedom firm, as to his Sov'reign dear,
 Too rich for brib'ry to encrease his store,
 And much too virtuous to accept, tho' poor;
 Remote from envy, as from pride remov'd,
 Friend to no party, yet by all belov'd.

With joy *Britannia* views the virtuous band,
 And big with hope enjoins this glad command.
 Go! be the champions of your country's cause,
 Protect her rights, and vindicate her laws;
 Watch o'er her liberties with pious care,
 Nor screen the tyrant, nor the traitor spare;
 Endeavour to redress a nation's woe,
 And mark the current whence its evils flow;
 Purge the foul stream, and purify its source,
 And above all, these mighty truths enforce;

That

That great and fam'd as *Albion's* name appears,
 Admir'd and dreaded through long shining years;
 In science as in arms, howe'er renown'd,
 Enrich'd with commerce, or with conquest crown'd;
 Yet if diffension's bitter frost set in,
 Nip its fair bloom, and wither all within;
 If envy, acting under caution's dress,
 The spirit of her braver sons repress;
 If jealousy, in friendship's guise array'd,
 Blast the design which it affects to aid;
 If confidence give way to dark distrust,
 Or pride resign in unprovok'd disgust;
 If faction, cloak'd beneath some specious name,
 Blow up the coals of bold sedition's flame;
 Soon will her strength decline, her pow'r decay,
 And all her boasted laurels fade away:
 But when in mutual harmony combin'd,
 Firm to themselves, and firm to freedom join'd,

The

The noble breast no other passion knows,
 But what from patriot love and virtue flows;
 When private hate to public love gives way,
 And men no mean self-interest betray;
 When Liberty's bright flame inspires the soul,
 And *Unanimity* pervades the whole;
Britain superior to her foes shall rise,
 And all the world's united force despise.

F I N I S.



